

# LeoVirus





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This story is not intended to incite harm or reflect real-life identities.

By Saket Chopra

*For SKERRY*

## [Chapter 1]

No one saw it coming.

No warning. No soldiers barking orders in the street. Just a man coughing on a subway in New York City. By nightfall, the world burned.

It wasn't just a disease. It transformed the infected into monsters that attacked anything alive.

For most people, life was normal until it wasn't. Rey had been cursing the loud traffic under her window, muttering darkly, *I wish I could kill them*. On the other side of the city, Saket nursed the same bitterness. *The world's already doomed. How much worse can it get?*

They had no idea how wrong they were.

Within a day, half the world was infected. Cities fell overnight, graveyards filled faster than they could dig. Rey watched the streets from her apartment window, her breath fogging the glass as the infected shuffled below, half-rotted bodies twitching with unnatural hunger.

*This isn't real*, she thought, fighting the urge to scream.

Across town, Saket barricaded himself inside an office closet. Earlier that morning, his coworkers had started coughing. By noon, they collapsed. By evening, they were chasing him, teeth snapping in the dark. He clutched a metal rod so tight his knuckles whitened, listening to the wet growls outside.

His phone buzzed.

- | 📱 Rey: "*Are you alive?*"
- | 📱 Saket: "*I think so.*"
- | 📱 Rey: "*Heading south. If you're alive, meet me.*"
- | 📱 Saket: "*Alright.*"

He wiped sweat from his brow. Neither of them could imagine how much worse it was going to get.

## [Chapter 2]

The cities burned. The world fragmented into small groups of survivors.

One of these groups was led by Michael—a retired soldier, always scanning for threats. Alongside him were fighters, medics, and scavengers: Ira, Kheera, Trisha, and Anna. Together they'd managed to carve out a small pocket of safety among the ruins.

When Rey and Saket stumbled into their camp, they were met with rifle barrels.

“Names?” Ira demanded, sweat dripping down onto her shirt.

“Rey, Saket. We're not infected!” Rey snapped, voice cracking with desperation.

Michael studied them through narrowed eyes before lowering his gun. “Then you'd better know how to fight. Because the dead aren't our only problem.”

Saket swallowed, “What do you mean?”

Trisha spoke quietly, her eyes never leaving the shadows beyond the firelight. “There's someone worse than the dead. The one who rules them. Leo. He started this chaos.”

## [Chapter 3]

Leo had once been a renowned scientist—respected, even admired. But ambition had eaten him alive. He created the virus, naming it after himself. When the world fell apart, he didn't run. He experimented on himself.

The “cure” he made didn't heal him. It made him into something else: a being who could control the infected like puppets on strings.

He was no longer human. He was their king.

Olcay, a former soldier himself, saw the new world's brutal logic. *Only the strong deserve to live*, he believed. He pledged loyalty to Leo, becoming his warlord and helping to stamp out any pockets of resistance.

Michael had been discharged from the army for mental health reasons. Now he slept with one eye open, convinced anything—even his friends—might turn on him.

Kheera and Ira were students before the fall, from the same school. They bickered like enemies but would die for each other in a heartbeat. Anna was the quiet one, unnervingly still, eyes darting to every exit. Trisha was once a doctor, but she wouldn't talk about it. Wouldn't talk about anything, really.

And Rey and Saket? They weren't just survivors. They were best friends from childhood. They'd snuck out of boring neighbourhood parties, laughed at ugly clothes, and fought over everything and nothing. When the world burned, they found each other. Because they always did.

If they were going to survive the end of the world, they'd do it together.

## [Chapter 4]

Michael stayed up that night, rifle across his lap, eyes scanning the darkness. Every creak of the wind sounded like death.

The night was too quiet.

Then—screams.

Shapes burst from the darkness, lurching with impossible speed. But they weren't mindless. They moved like a pack.

"Get up! MOVE!" Michael roared.

Rey and Saket fought back-to-back. Blood sprayed as Rey's bat smashed a skull open, the crack loud in the chaos. Saket swung a crowbar, teeth shattering under his blows.

Ira screamed as she was dragged away into the shadows. Anna's gun jammed and she pounded it against the ground in panic. Kheera's shrieks cut through the night.

A single shot cracked- Michael standing atop a truck, eyes blazing. "TO THE CARS!"

They fled. Supplies abandoned. The camp burned behind them, flames illuminating the horde devouring their safe haven.

As they sped down the ruined highway, hearts thundering, Rey looked back at the glowing ruins. Smoke billowed, painting the sky red.

"This was supposed to be safety," she whispered.

Michael's voice was ragged. "That wasn't just an attack. That was an ambush."

Trisha wiped blood from her face. "They were organized."

Anna shook her head, voice cracking. "That's impossible!"

Trisha's eyes were haunted. "No. It's him. Leo."

#

Far above the city, Leo watched from a skyscraper balcony. His body was mostly human still, but black-veined lines crawled beneath his skin, pulsing with the virus.

Behind him, the infected stood silent. Still. Waiting.

Leo's voice was low, rasping. "Hunt them."

The dead obeyed.

An hour later, they reach an empty road.

“We should rest,” Saket suggested.

“No,” Kheera exclaimed. “Stopping is suicide.”

“We’ll be useless if we don’t rest,” Rey added.

After a tense moment, Michael sighed. “Fine. Ten minutes. Then we move.”

They pulled into an abandoned gas station. The windows were shattered, and the inside was desolate.

But something fell off. It was too quiet.

Saket moved toward one of the coolers, wiping the dust off the glass. Then, he froze.

“Look at this,” he murmured. The words smeared in blood:

“HE SEES YOU.”

Suddenly, the floor creaked behind him. A shadow shifted.

It was too late.

All glasses exploded as the infected lunged at them. Ira was tackled to the ground, screaming as its teeth sank into her shoulder.

“Ira!” Kheera fired, the shot tearing into the creature’s skull. But more came.

They weren’t attacking randomly. They were herding them.

Trisha yanked open the back door. “GO! GO! GO!”

The survivors rushed for the vehicle. But as they stepped outside—

More infected swarmed from the shadows.

Rey swung her bat, shattering bones. Saket grabbed a crowbar, blood spraying, but they were surrounded.

Olcay was watching, and he was smiling.

His voice echoed in their minds, a whisper of doom.

“Run all you want.”

“You’ll kneel before us very soon enough.”



## [Chapter 5]

They didn't stop until the highway turned to floodwaters. Rain poured in heavy sheets, blurring the world.

"Where the hell do we go?" Rey demanded.

Saket's breath steamed in the cold. "There's a bridge. If we can cross the river—"

A scream cut him off.

Kheera. She was on the ground, clutching a deep wound on her arm, eyes wild. Blood mixed with the rain. The dead lurched after her.

"HELP ME!"

Rey froze. "She's—"

"She's infected!" Saket shouted, voice shaking. He grabbed Rey's wrist. "We have to go!"

Kheera's eyes glistened with tears. "Please... don't leave me."

Rey hesitated. Then her jaw tightened. "I'm not leaving anyone."

"Okay, what the fuck!?" said Saket. Rey ran towards Kheera, hauling her upright, ignoring Saket's cursing. Together, they half-dragged her through water that churned with filth. They reached the bridge, lungs burning. Kheera whimpered with every step, blood leaking through their makeshift bandage.

Rey rounded on Saket. "Why did you want to leave her?"

He wiped rain from his eyes. "Because she could've turned."

"BUT SHE WAS TALKING! The dead don't TALK!"

"Okay! Okay! I get it. Just shut up before they hear us."

Then Saket's suddenly said, "Is it just me... or is the water rising?"

Rey's eyes widened. The river had swollen, creeping across the road in a boiling tide.

"THE FUCK!? MOVE!!"

They scrambled for high ground, carrying Kheera between them. Rain pounded their backs. Lightning cracked, illuminating buildings threatening to collapse into the flood.

They kicked down a door, stumbling up narrow stairs slick with algae. Kheera was limp in their arms.

When they finally reached the roof, the city was a black ocean below them.

Rey collapsed, gasping. “This is insane.”

Saket looked around, “We’re not out yet.”

Heavy thuds echoed up the stairwell.

Something was coming.

#

The door rattled below them. Heavy thumps, wet growls. Rey wiped blood from her cheek, eyes wide with panic.

“They’re here,” she whispered.

Saket peeked through the cracked doorway. The stairwell was pitch dark except for a glint of wet, matted hair. Dead eyes.

But behind them stood a tall man—calm. Waiting.

A voice echoed up the stairwell, theatrical and mocking.

“Hello up there! Mind if I introduce myself? I’m Olcay—humble servant of Leo, the genius who gifted us this delightful apocalypse.”

Rey hissed, “Don’t answer him.”

Saket clenched his jaw. “What choice do we have?”

He leaned closer to the gap. “Pleased to meet you,” he called sarcastically. “Why don’t you come alone and chat? Send your dogs away.”

A cold laugh. “Very well.”

The infected shambled back down the stairs. The banging stopped.

Moments later, the door opened with a rusty screech. Olcay stepped through in bloodstained tactical gear, smiling as if they’d invited him for tea.

“Well, well. Quite suspicious of me, aren’t you?” He sauntered forward, arms spread mockingly. “I promise I’ll make your deaths quick. Or... if you surrender, I’ll even let you live.”

Rey raised her bat, eyes blazing. “Go away bitch.”

Olcay chuckled, dragging a finger across his throat. “Your friends? Oh—they screamed beautifully. So many ways to kill.”

Saket’s mind raced. He caught Rey’s eye. A silent signal.

She nodded almost imperceptibly.

“Fine,” Saket said, lowering his weapon. “We surrender.”

Olcay’s smile widened. “Good.”

But even as he turned to gloat, Saket was already moving. He grabbed Kheera, slinging her over one shoulder. Rey hauled open the battered guardrail.

Rain lashed their faces. Wind howled like the dead below.

They jumped.

They plunged into floodwaters that swallowed them whole, choking on filth. Bodies slammed into submerged cars. Saket fought to keep Kheera’s head above water, teeth gritted in pain.

Rey surfaced, gasping. “Swim!”

They didn’t look back. They didn’t have to. Olcay’s furious shout echoed from the roof, but the rising flood made pursuit impossible.

## [Chapter 6]

They dragged themselves onto a crumbling overpass as dawn broke. Water dripped from their hair. Blood mixed with mud on their clothes.

Kheera, shivering violently. Rey stripped off her jacket to cover her. Saket slumped against the railing, breath ragged.

Silence. Except for distant sirens and the hiss of wind through shattered windows.

Finally, Rey spoke, voice cracking. “We almost died.”

Saket didn’t answer. He just stared at the ruined skyline, eyes empty.

Hours later they staggered into the remains of an apartment block, meeting the rest of their crew. Ira was on guard, gun trembling.

“SCARED ME THERE!” she shrieked as they burst in. “Girlie, where were you?”

“Long story,” Saket rasped. “Uh, where’s Michael?”

Ira looked uncomfortable. “Uh... had a bit of an accident. Crashed the car coming here. Massive bleeding. He can’t really move. I’m guarding while the others patch him up.”

Rey laid Kheera gently on a broken couch. “Is Michael okay?” Rey asked.

“Trisha and Anna are helping him. We also picked up someone new. Name’s Asahi,” Ira added, shrugging.

Rey looked up sharply. “Another stranger?”

“He’s... weird,” Ira admitted. “But he saved Michael’s ass. So...”

He watched Kheera breathe shallowly. “We can’t move her. Not yet,” Saket said.

Rey shook her head. “We stay the night.”

Silence fell. Rain hammered on the roof. The wind howled through broken glass.

They took shifts on watch. Michael moaned in his fever. Anna stitched his wounds with shaking hands. Asahi sat in a corner, hood up, silent except for the occasional whispered prayer.

When dawn finally came, it felt like they’d slept for years—and not at all.

## [Chapter 7]

Morning was grey, thick with mist and the stench of rot.

Two days since the world ended.

They packed up quietly. Kheera limped with help from Rey and Saket, bandaged arm pressed tight to her side. Michael winced with every step but refused to be carried. Asahi stuck close to him, acting as a crutch.

They headed south, picking their way through ruined streets half-flooded with oily water. Abandoned cars were crusted in mud and moss. Corpses slumped in doorways, mouths frozen mid-scream.

Discord City loomed ahead, silent except for the wind.

As they entered the outskirts, they passed an old park. The grass was overgrown, benches overturned. They rested there for a moment, catching their breath.

Ira broke the silence. “So, Asahi. Who *are* you, really?”

Asahi shrugged, “Heaven’s angel, ain’t I?”

Ira snorted. “You’re the savior of Michael, at least.”

“I wouldn’t put it like that,” Asahi replied with a forced grin.

After regrouping, they planned their next move. Michael pointed with his good arm at a looming grey spire in the distance. “Towers of Cell. That’s our best bet for shelter.”

It was a weird name for such a grand structure—tall, cracked but still standing, ancient carvings running up its sides.

They found an abandoned car nearby. Michael barked instructions from the back seat while Rey hotwired it, the engine choked, sputtered, then roared to life.

They drove in silence. The only sound was the rain and the broken wipers squealing across the windshield.

#

At the Towers of Cell, they found an ancient lobby littered with bones and graffiti. Rey had once studied the faded murals on the walls. It had told the history of Discord City.

Now it just smelled like death.

Trisha led them deeper in. Her voice was low. “This way. There’s a basement we can fortify.”

But something felt wrong. As they descended, a shape stepped from the shadows. A slow, mocking clap echoed.

Olcay.

“Well done,” he purred. “You even brought the wounded. How thoughtful.”

Trisha froze. She didn’t look at them. Her fingers trembled.

“Trisha...” Rey’s voice cracked with betrayal.

Olcay chuckled.

They ran as if hell itself chased them.

Saket’s lungs burned. Kheera whimpered on his back, blood soaking his shirt. Rey was ahead of him, her bat in one hand, dragging Ira with the other.

They crashed through a side door into a storage hall lit only by flickering emergency lights.

“Keep moving!” Rey hissed.

Behind them came pounding boots, wet snarls.

The infected weren’t shambling—they were *hunting*.

Saket felt Kheera trembling. “Stay with me,” he murmured.

Ahead, Asahi guided Michael with surprising strength, Michael biting back groans of pain. Anna clutched a rusted knife, eyes wide, scanning the darkness.

They burst through another exit. Chilly air slapped their faces.

They were outside.

But instead of the city street—they were in a wasteland. A desert.

Cracked ground stretched in all directions, littered with old road signs and empty plastic bottles. Low hills of sand and rock rose up, pitted with dark caves.

Ira collapsed, gasping. “What is this place?”

Asahi kicked over an old crate. Inside were water bottles, most still sealed.

“It’s an old supply dump,” he said. “From the evacuation days.”

Michael slumped to the ground. “We need shelter. Now.”

They scrambled into a nearby cave. It stank of mildew, but it was dry.

They huddled in silence. The wind howled outside, pushing sand through the entrance.

Saket set Kheera down gently. She moaned, eyes fluttering open.

Outside, far across the desert, shapes moved in the moonlight.

Olcay.

And behind him, hundreds of the dead.

#

They stayed in those caves for days.

They rationed water. Ate what little they had. Took turns sleeping, watching the entrance.

Michael was feverish. Kheera's wound was blackening.

Rey and Saket would sit at the mouth of the cave, watching the empty desert.

They never said it out loud. But they both thought it: *This is how we die.*

#

One night, Saket nudged Rey.

"Look."

In the distance, torches.

Moving fast.

He lifted Kheera gently. "We run now, or we don't run at all."

Rey nodded grimly.

They burst from the cave, the others following.

But Olcay's forces were faster.

Shadows sprinted across the sand. The dead shrieked.

Kheera and Michael screamed as they were snatched away.

"No!" Rey shrieked, voice cracking.

Asahi tried to chase them but tripped, sobbing in rage.

Saket dragged Rey away with desperation, "We can't help them now. We have to go!"

They ran until they couldn't breathe.

Until the desert swallowed them whole.

## [Chapter 8]

They staggered through the dunes, the moon casting everything in sickly blue light.

They found an old drainage tunnel half-buried in the sand.

Inside was pitch dark, damp, and reeking of rot.

They collapsed against the walls, panting.

Silence.

Just the sound of dripping water.

Ira finally whispered, “We left them.”

No one answered.

Michael and Kheera’s screams still rang in their ears.

Saket closed his eyes. *Failure.*

Rey sat with her head on her knees. *Coward.*

Asahi wiped blood from his mouth. “We have to keep moving.”

“Where?” Anna snapped. “We’re lost!”

“Anywhere away from him,” Asahi growled.

Rey finally lifted her head. Her eyes were red. “Leo.”

They all went quiet.

That name had weight. Like a curse.

Saket’s voice was hoarse. “He doesn’t just lead them. He *feels* them. Tracks us.”

Ira shivered. “Then we’re dead girls.”

Asahi stared into the dark. “No. We kill him.”

Silence.

Anna snorted. “You’re insane.”



But Asahi didn't blink.

"We kill him," he repeated.

#

They moved deeper into the tunnels.

Their flashlight beam bounced off rusted signs.

"GEN ALPHA RESEARCH FACILITY"

Rey stopped. "This is it."

Leo's birthplace.

Michael's voice rasped from behind them, delirious with fever. "He made it here..."

They tightened their grips on weapons.

And went in.

#

Inside, computers flickered with dying power. Glass canisters lined the walls, filled with murky liquid. Floating shapes twisted inside, half-human, half-monster.

Rey gagged.

They found a command console still active. Static buzzed across the cracked screen.

"Gen Alpha • LeoVirus – Mission accomplished."

Rey slammed her fist into it, cracking the glass further.

Saket leaned in. "Wait. Look."

Schematics. Notes.

"Leo can't control them forever," Saket said. "The virus is eating him alive. He's becoming unstable."

Rey's eyes lit up with grim hope. "We can use that."

They gathered everything they could carry.

Ready to fight.

## [Chapter 9]

They crept deeper into Gen Alpha.

The air was cold and damp, stinking of chemicals and decay.

Shadows twisted between shattered lab equipment. Old blood stained the floor in dark, crackling streaks.

Every footstep echoed.

“Quiet,” Saket hissed.

But then a PA speaker crackled to life.

Olcay’s voice slithered out, dripping with amusement.

“Did you really think you could hide? I know you’re here. And I promise—your last moments will be... special.”

Asahi muttered, knuckles white on his knife.

Michael wheezed, propped up by Ira.

“We need to move,” Michael croaked. “Now.”

But before they could react, Trisha stepped forward.

She held a small device.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered.

She pressed the device.

Lasers snapped from the walls, blue beams slicing the air, creating a deadly web.

Rey lunged.

“TRISHA!”

Trisha jerked back, eyes wide and glassy.

“I’m sorry,” she choked again.

Her voice sounded wrong. Mechanical.

Her eyes flickered from brown to icy blue.

Asahi’s said without hope, “Leo did something to her.”

Rey didn’t hesitate. She tackled Trisha, grabbing the device and smashing it against the wall. Sparks exploded.

The lasers died.

But the alarm began to blare.

They had seconds.

“MOVE!” Saket shouted.

They ran, Michael limping, Ira helping him, Asahi at the rear with his gun drawn.

Behind them, doors slammed open.

The infected poured in.

#

They ducked into a reinforced lab. Ira and Rey shoved a metal table against the door.

Michael sank to the floor, panting.

Saket and Rey scrambled to a bank of computers.

“Find something,” Rey begged. “Anything we can use.”

Saket’s fingers flew. Screens scrolled with code. Diagrams.

His face went pale.

“Leo’s trying to expand the infection to other cities,” he said.

Ira’s voice trembled. “We’re too late.”

“No,” Saket whispered. “Look—he’s losing control. The virus is breaking him.”

Rey swallowed.

“Then we hit him now.”

Asahi nodded, face grim. “We end this.”

#

They gathered weapons. Makeshift explosives.

The ground shook.

Leo was coming.

And they were ready.

## [Chapter 10]

They reached the core chamber.

The massive door slammed behind them.

Darkness swallowed them whole.

A low, wet growl rumbled from the far side of the room.

Lights flickered on.

Leo emerged.

What remained of him was a nightmare.

Flesh fused with metal. Tubes pumping black, corrupted blood. His eyes glowed a sickly green, veins crawling like snakes beneath translucent skin.

Wires snaked from his spine into the floor, linking him to the entire facility—and the infected horde outside.

His voice was mostly a snarl.

“You think you can stop me?”

Rey stepped forward. “We’re going to.”

Leo laughed. A horrible sound that made their whole body ache.

“Kill them all.”

Outside, they heard the horde screaming.

Inside, infected slammed against the door.

Michael fired through a cracked window, dropping them one by one. Ira screamed orders. Anna loaded clips with shaking hands.

Asahi threw a grenade that sent bodies flying.

But inside the chamber—Leo advanced.

He lunged.

Saket dove, rolling behind a console. He ripped open a panel, sparks flying.

“REY!” he shouted. “I can unlock his neural interface. NOW OR NEVER!”

Leo roared, clawed hands tearing gouges in the floor.

Rey sprinted.

She dodged a metal limb that smashed a computer to slag.

She saw it—a nest of wires at the base of his spine, flickering with energy.

Leo's eyes met hers.

"You're too late."

But he was shaking. Glitching. Blood leaked from seams in his skin.

Rey raised her knife.

"For everyone you killed," she hissed.

She drove it in.

Leo shrieked.

The room shook as his systems overloaded. Sparks burst. Alarms wailed.

Outside, the horde screamed in unison—then went silent.

Leo crumpled, metal screeching against concrete.

His last breath rattled from shredded lungs.

Rey stepped back, panting, covered in blood.

It was quiet except for the whine of dying machinery.

They had done it.

Leo was dead.

#

Outside, the infected collapsed.

The city was silent.

Michael slumped against the wall. "It's over."

Ira wiped tears from her face. "We lost so much."

Anna hugged Ira. "But we're alive."

Asahi laid a hand on Saket's shoulder. "We keep going."

Rey met Saket's eyes.

"Together?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Always."

They walked out of the facility as the sun broke the horizon.

A new day.

A ruined world.

But they had each other.

They had hope.

## [Epilogue]

Months passed.

The city remained a graveyard. Buildings toppled. Vines crawled over cracked glass. Fires burned where no one put them out.

But humanity was stubborn.

Small groups emerged, carving out safe zones. Sharing food. Telling stories of the old world.

Rey and Saket led one of these enclaves.

Michael trained the next generation of guards, still scarred but alive.

Ira became the settlement's medic, hands steady despite everything they'd seen.

Asahi travelled between camps, spreading word of the fall of Leo.

They all bore scars.

They all remembered the dead.

But they lived.

Because in the end, survival wasn't about strength.

It was about each other.

One night, Rey sat beside the fire, watching embers drift into the black sky.

Saket joined her.

"Think it's over?" she asked quietly.

He watched the flames.

"No," he said.

She nodded slowly.

"Good. Then we'll be ready."

Far in the distance, something howled.

A reminder.

The world was not healed.

But neither were they beaten.

And somewhere out there—new threats waited.



*“The future may be uncertain, but together we can create a new beginning.”*

- Asahi

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## *Special thanks*

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- **ASAHI – EDITOR.**
- **MICHAEL – WRITER.**

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## *People referred*

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(In order of appearance)

- ❖ REY
- ❖ SAKET
- ❖ MICHAEL
- ❖ IRA
- ❖ KHEERA
- ❖ TRISHA
- ❖ ANNA
- ❖ LEO
- ❖ OLCAY
- ❖ ASAHI